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The Latin School Register

Alumni Issue

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No. 4

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We humbly dedicate this, our Alumni issue, to those Latin School men who,
from the Solomons to North Africa, are fighting to create a better world.

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ALUMNI

Alumni of the Boston Latin School are now fighting their seventh war. From the Revolutionary War down to this global war, our graduates have distinguished themselves. The names of the heroes of this war will be remembered alongside those of Knox, Franklin, Hancock, and Paine, B.L.S. heroes in Revolutionary days.

Guadaleanal, the name that will live forever in the minds of free men as a symbol of American heroism, brings with it the name of Captain John Gately, '37, of the United States Marines. In our first great offensive of the war, Gately had the honor of killing the first Jap in the Solomon Islands. During that engagement, Captain Gately was wounded, thus becoming the first officer casualty for our troops in the Solomon Islands.

During the greatest invasion in history, the United States occupation of North Africa, Lieutenant Robert Riesman, '36, showed us some of the courage that our boys are known for. During the perilous landing on the hostile Moroccan coast, his whole platoon was cited for great courage. As a result of their great work, the whole platoon was cited for exemplary bravery in the line of duty, and Lieutenant Riesman was promoted to the rank of captain.

Commander John F. Delaney, Jr., '21, is the hero of two of the Navy's major battles—the Coral Sea on May 8, 1942, and the Battle of Midway on June 4-6, last year. He was engineering officer on the *U.S.S. Yorktown*. Recently promoted from Lieutenant Commander, he is the recipient of citations from Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and Admiral Chester Nimitz, head of the Pacific fleet. He has been awarded a silver star medal from the Navy Department. By his calm judgment and superb leadership, during the Battle of the Coral Sea,

he brought the carrier's machinery back into working order a short time after a Japanese bomb had exploded on the flight deck, damaging much of the carrier's vital mechanism. Similar action during the Midway Battle brought his leadership to the notice of the high officials, who promptly cited him publicly.

A large battle-scarred French tricolor that until a few months ago fluttered proudly in the tropical sunshine in Saffee, French West Morocco, now rests among the many cherished naval trophies, collected in nearly a quarter of a century of adventurous naval service by John L. Keane, Jr., '12, Pharmacist's Mate First Class, U. S. Navy. During the landing of our troops on the African coast, at Saffee, he shinnied up a flagpole, replacing the fluttering French tricolor with a new Old Glory. Pharmacist's Mate Keane joined the Navy during the first World War, received his training at the Newport Naval Training Station, but saw little action. He has been in continuous service since then, on duty during the terrible earthquake in Japan in 1923, the second Nicaraguan campaign, the Cuban Revolution in 1933, and wherever and whenever the Navy saw fit to use him. Retiring to the Fleet Reserve Force in 1935, Keane was called back to service in 1940, serving with the Atlantic Patrol and participating in the Caribbean Naval maneuvers, prior to his assignment to the Navy's amphibian force.

Ten thousand miles from home in New Caledonia, Sgt. Frank O'Connell sent a letter to his brother in Boston. Imagine his surprise when he returned to his quarters after mailing the letter, to find a note from his brother, Corporal Edward O'Connell, B.L.S., '38, reading: "Hi, Fran, I'm here, too." Yes, and he wasn't fooling, either; for on that lonely

Pacific island took place the dramatic meeting of two brothers who believed themselves to be 10,000 miles apart.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Burke, '35, who died last October in dragging a fellow-officer to safety from a burning plane at Fort Benning, Ga., has been listed on the Army's honor roll. The War Department has announced that Lieutenant Burke has been awarded posthumously the Soldier's Medal for Heroism. After a routine flight, his plane burst into flames while landing. Despite severe injuries, he managed to rescue his fellow-flier from the flaming wreck. Latin School can well be proud of such men.

It is with great regret that the *Register* announces the death of another of our Alumni. Lieutenant Thomas M. Roddy, '35, has been killed in the line of duty while serving with the Navy in the Solomon Islands.

The following list is supplementary to the lists we have printed before. With the armed service we find:

Private (fc) Bernard Adelman, '36, U.S. Army Air Force.

Private Sidney Aisner, '25, U.S. Army Air Force.

Private Morris Alpert, '31, U.S. Army.

Staff Sgt. Karl Arabian, '34, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Technical Sgt. Allen Archer, '26, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Technical Sgt. Joseph Anerbach, '29, U.S. Army.

Private Melvin Avergun, '37, U.S. Army.

Lieut. Colonel Benjamin Banks, '23, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieut. Henry Banks, '39, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private Philip Barber, '29, U.S. Army Artillery.

Ensign Donald Barkan, '39, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Ensign William Barnes, '38, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Private Bernard Bergman, '36, U.S. Army.

Corporal Murton Bergman, '35, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieut. (jg) John A. Breen, Jr., '33, U.S. Naval Dental Corps.

Apprentice Seaman John H. Bruce, '40, U.S. Coast Guard.

Ensign John E. Brassill, Jr., '33, U.S. Naval Air Force.

Seaman 3/c Edward C. Bryant, '39, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Captain Leo B. Burgin, '23, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private Marshall Byer, '42, U.S. Army Reserves.

Ensign Joseph F. Clayton, '39, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Cadet Herbert Cooks, '40, U.S. Army Air Corps Flexible Gunnery School.

Lieut. Arthur J. Clement, Jr., '39, U.S. Naval Air Corps Reserve.

Staff Sergeant Oscar P. Cohen, '34, U.S. Army Chemical Warfare.

Sgt. Robert Cotter, '36, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

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Capt. Thomas J. Cross, '36, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

Private Laurence Cullen, '42, U.S. Marine Corps.

Major C. C. Curtis, '21, U.S. Army Field Artillery.

Private Donald L. Daniels, '33, U.S. Army.

Stanley H. Davis, '39, U.S. Army Air Force Reserve.

Lieut. (jg) John Donelan, '33, U.S. Navy.

Lieut. Fred J. Donovan, '35, U.S. Marine Corps.

Major Wm. W. Drummey, '12, U.S. Army Engineers.

Cadet Thomas Dolan, '41, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

(Continued on Page 23)

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

(The following excerpt from Chapter XLIII of the newly released book, "History of the World", is reprinted here by permission of the Publishers, Rumm and Co., of Boston, Province of North America. A review of the above publication may be found in the TIMES for Sunday, September 1, 2943.)

SUMMARY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Although the World Wars were the last of the great human struggles for domination of all the provinces, nevertheless they were among the bloodiest in the history of the world. We, who have lived in peace so long, do not realize the magnitude of these wars, fought over a thousand years ago. Likewise we have not realized their importance.

In 1939, the German nation (in the north central part of the province of Europa) was ready to embark on the Conquest of the world. To this day we cannot explain how Germany could rebuild its military machine after the horrible defeat in the first of the two World Wars. In a short period of twenty years new armies were raised and new methods of waging war formulated. "The statesmen of Britannia and France either did not care or did not know what was happening inside the Fascist nations. What disasters that poor leadership brought about!" says Professor Pasha of the University of Rabat.

Various explanations have been given for the collapse of the French Empire in the first year of the titanic struggle. No doubt the superiority of Fascist military arms and strategy was the main factor, but here again Professor Pasha maintains that the French leaders were to blame. "If the allied politicians had demanded that Germany adhere to the peace treaty of 1919, there would never have been a Second World War." The

success in France was quickly followed by the easy conquest of Europa, except, of course, Muscovy and Britannia.

The world will not soon forget the heroic defense of the island of Britannia in the fall of 1940, after the fall of France. Without an ally in the world, and with the enemy on all sides, these brave people held out until winter, the turning-point of the war. Germany, not having taken advantage of the opportunity to invade Britannia after the French collapse, was doomed to defeat. In tribute to the British Air Force, Winston Churchill, the great Allied leader, said: "Never before did so many owe so much to so few." Professor Wong of Harbin University says: "But for the expert guidance of this figure in the days of peril, the Fascists might have triumphed."

The conflict entered its second spring with the United Nations (the nucleus of our present World Federation) wondering where the Nazi hordes would strike first. The relations between Germany and Muscovy had been cordial, a treaty of friendship having been signed two years before. Führer Hitler had said, some twenty years before, "To divide and conquer its enemies one by one, and, above all, to wage war on one front at a time, will assure any nation success in warfare." Accordingly, the Muscovite Empire was invaded when it was felt the situation in the West was secure. Although huge stretches of Muscovite territory were taken by the Nazis, it was proven that the hitherto invincible German armies could be halted. Dr. Clinton of Sitka College says: "Just as Britannia was saved by the unconquerable will of its people, so was the cause of the United Nations saved by the heroic resistance of the Muscovite population." This may

be true, for if the Nazis had been able to utilize the raw materials of Muscovy, the war might have lasted generations.

The Empire of Japan, like Germany, had entertained the idea of territorial expansion for almost a hundred years. They were one of the Allies in the First World War, but only in the hope of gaining territory in China and in the Pacific. Slowly expanding into China, war broke out there in 1937. As the years went on, the two armies were deadlocked; but it was evident that Japan was conserving men and equipment for some future venture.

The United States of America had followed a policy of armed neutrality for several months, when on December 7, 1941, a date known by every schoolboy in the province of North America, the cunning Japanese empire attacked the naval base at Pearl Harbor, in the district of Hawaii. This occurred while peace talks were going on in Washington. How this great base could be surprised and partially destroyed by enemy aircraft cannot be explained. It is the opinion of many historians that the United States, influenced by the strong isolationist movement, was in a state of complacency, refusing to foresee its danger if the United Nations lost the war. Under the able leadership of President Roosevelt, the country had been rearming since the fall of France, a fact which probably prevented Japan from conquering Australia and the west coast of North America. Japanese successes in the first year were plentiful, but the growing power of the United States was shown in 1943 by the recapture of the archipelagoes north of Australia.

By the spring of 1943, the war had taken on a decided change. French

North Africa was occupied in the winter of 1942 by a brilliant military operation. As a result of this campaign and the Britannian drive from Egypt, the Nazis were completely driven from Africa. During the summer and fall of 1943 the United Nations succeeded in conquering the many islands in the Mediterranean Sea. It was with great trouble that the Germans held their lines in Muscovy. The Muscovites made so much progress during the winter of 1943, that collapse seemed near for the Fascist powers.

The threefold offensive to end the war began in April, 1944. Invaded from the East, the West, and the South, Germany was facing disaster. Führer Hitler had decided to fight to the bitter end, knowing well the consequences of surrender. But with the beginning of summer, he was deposed, and the Army of the Fourth Reich took over. The military high command agreed to the offer of unconditional surrender from the United Nations, and hostilities stopped September 1, 1944, five years to the day since the outbreak of war.

In Pacificia the war was not going so well. The Japanese refused to give in, and the conflict continued for another year. Only when Tokyo was captured in the fall of 1945 were they willing to submit.

Fortunately the mistakes of 1918-1925 were not repeated. Law and order were maintained everywhere by the strong occupational forces. The fate of Führer Hitler is interesting to relate. Retreating to his mountain stronghold in South Germany, he defied the occupational forces for three months. Finally, like Nero of old, as troops were breaking into his quarters, he ordered a servant to behead his Führer.

ARNOLD J. GOLUB, '43

SCIENTIFIC STUPOR

"Why does this have to happen to me?"

Jerry Snip was plaintive . . . more than plaintive-sullen. Here it was, the middle of vacation; and he had nothing to do. A treacherous thaw had robbed him of all hopes of skiing or skating, and a bad headcold epidemic had laid up all his friends. This situation was disgruntling: nothing to do, and a whole vacation to do it in! The movies had nothing very attractive to offer; and, to make matters worse, Snip's financial condition was in deep depression.

Jerry looked around his room, frankly annoyed at vacation, at school, and at everything else. His gaze passed over his skates and hockey stick, thrust in a corner, mute reminders of the fun he would have had if the porch thermometer had read 20 degrees instead of 47. Bah!

The sight of his bookcase gave Snip an idea. This would be a good time to read that new "Mechanix for the Masses" magazine. He had just put it here . . . somewhere. Jerry reached into the bookcase, caught hold of a book, and drew it out: "Biller's Practical Physics Problems". Jerry snarled, and was ready to hurl it across the room, when, suddenly, he had a brainstorm: "Why not carry out a few of these problems . . . since they're so practical?"

Why not, indeed? This *was* an idea! Now, maybe, he'd get an idea of what it was all about! The lad shut his eyes, opened the book, put his finger on a page, and looked to see what he had chosen.

"A man shoots an arrow into the air with an initial velocity of 96 feet per second. How high will the arrow rise?"

Jerry commenced whistling merrily. This was an excellent problem to begin with. He opened the closet door, reached into the corner where he knew his arch-

ery set was, and began taking things out. Here was his tennis racket, with three strings broken, and the baseball bat which Snip had cracked when he had tried to drive the garden stakes in with it. Ah-h-h! here was the archery set—the bow, three arrows, a target, and a first-aid kit. Also there was a ball of twine. . . . Just the thing!

Bellowing joyously, "Robin Hood, Ho, he lived in the deep green woods," Jerry carried the bow, arrows, and twine down to the backyard, making certain that he had the "Biller's" tucked in his coat-pocket. Tying the end of the twine onto an arrow, and drawing back the bow until the arrow, he felt certain, would go 96 feet per second, he let go. Zing! Away snarled the arrow, up, up, up, drawing twine out after it.

"Now, the deceleration in this case," Jerry began reasoning, "is equal to the pull of gravity. . . ."

Crash! The tinkling of glass interrupted him; and he realized that Practical Problem #366 had turned into a disaster, for the arrow had taken toll of several panes of glass in the greenhouse next door. A few minutes later, during which time he had made arrangements to work off the debt #366 had incurred for him, Snip could be seen retracing his steps roomward. The last problem hadn't turned out any too successfully, but he had a start, anyway.

Again Jerry chose an example by chance, and read: "An eighty-pound child sits on one end of a seesaw fifteen feet long. If a fifteen-pound bucket of sand, placed on the other end, is just able to balance the child, where is the balancing point?"

The materials essential to the demonstration of this problem were much more difficult to obtain, and almost an hour was spent before all were acquired. Martie, Mrs. Pank's eight-year-old son,

Jerry found, weighed eighty-two pounds with all his clothes on, and after removal of his shoes, was a perfect candidate. The seesaw in Martie's backyard was eighteen feet long; and, after a little work with the hatchet, Snip had it down to the right size.

"It's all for the sake of science." Thus Jerry calmed Martie's laments for his shoes and seesaw, and set about filling a bucket with sand, until it weighed just fifteen pounds.

"Now," he computed, "The seesaw ought to balance about $2\frac{1}{3}$ feet from Martie."

Little did Snip think of the weight of the plank, and, as he set Martie on the end of the seesaw, the bucket of sand flew off into space, bouncing Martie onto terra firma. Martie's wails, together with the fact that he forgot where he had put his shoes, filled Snip with a longing for travel to foreign lands, and, holding tightly his "Practical Problems" book, he rounded the corner with constant acceleration.

Jerry looked at his watch. There was just time enough to do one more prob-

lem before supper. This time the book fell open to this: "It is possible to pull a tablecloth out from under a set of dishes without disturbing the dishes. How does the 'Law of Inertia' explain this?"

Into the dining-room went Snip to get to the bottom of this scientific puzzle. The book specified a *set* of dishes, and, since the every-day dishes didn't all match, Jerry had to use his mother's best dishes, to make sure that the weight was evenly distributed. He gave the table cloth a jerk.

For the next five minutes a brush and dustpan were much more useful to Snip than any science text could possibly have been; but he had proved that Biller was wrong in one respect, anyhow!

That evening, at the supper table, Mr. Snip inquired how Jerry had spent his day. The boy explained, briefly and vaguely, that he had been proving experimentally some physics problems that had puzzled him.

"Good boy, Jerry," Mr. Snip grinned jovially. "I like to hear you're doing school work during vacation. It helps keep you out of mischief."

MYRON S. SIMON, '43



A STORY OF THE SOLOMONS

The hero of this tale is my brother. It brings a catch in my throat when I speak of it, a sudden racing of the pulse when I think of it, and pride when I write of it. Gabriel ("Gabby" to his pals out there in the Pacific islands) is recovering in a Naval Hospital at San Diego, California, where he recalled the almost incredible hours he manned a machine gun against hordes of the enemy, mowed them down, and lived to tell the tale.

The Navy released his story today, as follows:

"I landed on Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942. Attack had been expected by all of us from the moment we landed. But for ten long days we encountered no real opposition. Now and then, a scouting party would run into a bunch of snipers. Only the swishing of cocoanut palms, the chattering of monkeys, the waves running up the beach, and slowly departing, only to start their quest again, broke the nerve-racking silence. Still, we knew that the Japs had us outnumbered, perhaps ten or fifteen to one, and would attempt to wipe us off the island. I'll wager every fellow slept with trigger finger tensed.

"The Japs must have made elaborate preparations for what they planned to be our massacre. Then, about one o'clock in the morning, the expected happened. I was squatting with three buddies in a machine-gun nest, exchanging stories. I can still picture the moonlight glistening through the tree-tops, striking a gleam off Don's helmet and casting grotesque shadows on the beach.

"Our nest commanded a stream about sixty yards wide, and it was easy to wade in. The nearest nest to us was about 200 yards downstream.

"A few scattered volleys were fired from across the river. It was—as the

boys around the ringside would say—a feeler.

"Then, across the river from us, a huge, bobbing mass, screeching like frightened children, started their mad crossing of the stream. Johnny Kendoit, one of my buddies, swept our machine gun to and fro and wading Japs started crumbling down in the water. I was loading the gun.

"Then, Johnny got it in the chest, the impact of the bullets bringing him to his feet, and, as quickly as he had risen, he fell, crashing heavily against the sand-bags, protecting our position, a dead man. I grabbed the machine gun, and our squad leader, Jack Isdoingit, started feeding the gun. Soon, bullets flew around us; but somehow, they missed us. I noticed that the only opposition that could be given the enemy in our sector was from our lone machine gun.

"Hundreds of Japs were ganged upon the other side, determined to get a force across that stream. We knew what their success would mean to our forces. So, we kept that gun belching back and forth, spitting forth the song of death. Then, Don Dunit, who was picking off with his .45 the Japs trying to cross further up the stream, got hit. He fell across Jack's legs; a bullet in his temple was his fate.

"They kept on sending more groups of men, from 30 to 50 in number, charging down into the water while bullets whistled all about us. In the deafening din, I swept my gun evenly across each group, toppling each over like a card house.

"Jack was working furiously loading the gun when a bullet pierced his ear. It temporarily stunned him. Then, bullets started zooming down at us as if they were fired from the heavens. The water

started spurting about my lap and chest. The water jacket used for cooling the gun was shot full of holes.

"They always told me that if a machine gun was deprived of water, it would heat up and the metal expand until it jams and ceases firing. This gun got blistering hot in my hands, but it kept working right up to the end.

"Jack had recovered, picked up his faithful automatic, and renewed his spraying of the Japs. I had just mowed down a particularly big party when hell broke loose in our hole. A hand grenade found its mark, hitting the left stirrup of our gun and blasting it into junk.

"The heavy bolt handle was knocked off, miraculously missing my face and grazing the upper part of my left shoulder. My helmet was knocked off. Something struck me in the face. Everything became dark, and as I put my blistered hand to my face and eyes, I felt blood and raw flesh. Jack, fortunately, suffered only from bewilderment.

"I struggled to keep consciousness as we lay there motionless. I strained by

eyes, hoping for a glimmering of light. But I couldn't see. A steady downpour of bullets that chipped up dirt all around, ripped through our remaining sandbags and splattered soil into my wounds.

"We lay there for hours hugging the ground for dear life—both of us with gun in hand, willing to go down but to bring a few Japs with us. It must have been 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning when two lieutenants helped us out of that hole. The firing had died down.

"The Japs had failed to break through. Their attack had cost them heavily. The fellows told me that I, myself, had accounted for at least 250 Japs, the four of us accounted for about 320. Elsewhere, my outfit had given a good account of itself.

"A marine found a gold high school graduation ring on the person of one of the Japs I had killed. It was that of his younger brother, who had been stationed with the brave garrison on Wake Island before their gallant stand."

GEORGE M. MILIOTIS, '43

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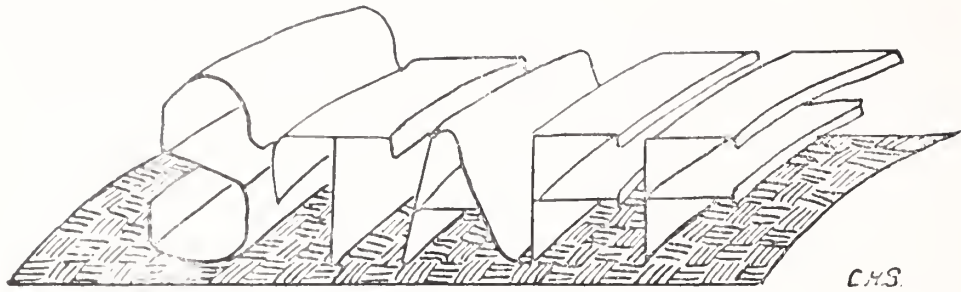


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THE LATIN SCHOOL ALUMNI hold dear the memories of our School, the world honors our tradition and our reputation, but behind these memories, behind this tradition and reputation, lies the work of many.

HARRY LEO CLARK

was for many years an integral part of the Latin School system. His responsibility as engineer was great. In his passing we mourn a great friend, a conscientious and good man.

Requiescat in Pace

LEST WE FORGET

The other day I saw an open-mouthed Sixth Classman gaping at the tablets in memory of those Latin School students who lost their lives during World War I. He seemed duly impressed that so many had lost their lives for the cause of freedom, but did not seem to realize that this year's graduating class was going into World War II to fight for the very same ideal. Times have changed, but the same aspiration of youth at the prospect of military induction remains. And thus, we the upper classes of Latin School must once more leave the classroom for the battlefield, the pen for the sword, and once more the cry "Deponite libros" appropriately rings out through the halls of Latin School. But before we leap to grasp the gun, we must pause and remember certain things, lest we forget them.

We must remember that a certain feeling stirs in the soul of every true American. It is undefinable. We feel it when we hear the Star-Spangled Banner or see the flag go marching by. We sense it as we read a newspaper and know that its contents aren't affected by the whims of some dictator or that when we walk into a classroom that we may have our very government critically examined. These are the principles we are fighting for—lest we forget.

We must remember that on those tablets of the School and on those pictures that line the walls of the lower floor are the living records of men who as youths like us went forth to die on the fields of Europe, who covered themselves with glory, and who brought back honors that Latin School will forever cherish. And those same crusaders look down upon us and know that we too can attain those

high standards of heroism. In silence they wait in the shadows of the halls for us to return . . . lest we forget.

We must remember that we are the last. There are no immediate replacements. Those that remain behind . . . the too young, the too old, the physically handicapped, are unable to wage active combat. The nation stands behind us, with its hand upon our shoulder; it has complete faith in us. Faith in *us*! What a mighty phrase that is: an ideal worthy of unflinching sacrifice . . . lest we forget.

A VISIT TO THE REICH MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA

"Quiet! Herr Tripegibber is concentrating", said Heinrich, secretary to the minister of propaganda.

"But der Führer is calling."

"Very well, Fritz, I'll connect him with Herr Tripegibber. By the way, where is der Führer?"

"At the front."

"Which one?"

"In the East. What other one is there, Heinrich?"

"The British radio says. . . ."

"You too, Heinrich? *Ich kann es nicht glauben*. What did the BBC say?"

"Wait, Fritz; I can hear them talking."

"What are they saying?"

"*Warten Sie.*"

"It's beginning to thunder outside," continued Fritz.

"That is not thunder, fool. It's der Führer. He's discussing today's war communiqué with Herr Tripegibber."

"I'm sorry."

"Here is the communiqué: 'At the Führer's headquarters not far from the front:—*The enemy is destroyed. The Russians are so stupid they keep on fighting, even after they are annihilated. We are at the gates of Minsk. An enemy counterattack north of Pinsk has been repulsed. Our armies have made a strategic withdrawal south of Pinsk according to plan. More good news is expected within 48 hours.*'"

"*Das ist gut, Heinrich.*"

"You better leave now, Fritz. Herr Tripegibber will soon come out and have me send out the communiqué."

"So long."

"Cheerio."

"Heil der Führer, Heinrich."

"Heil der Führer, Herr Reichsminister."

"Here is today's communiqué. Send it out. Give me the reports. Any news from our agent in Washington?"

"*Ja, Herr Reichsminister.* Agent V reports that the American people hesitate to believe our rumors any more. They answer rumors with facts. When we passed on that story of how England will fight to the last American, someone said that seventy per cent of British Empire casualties has been English. They know the truth. What can we do?"

"*Himmel!* It must be that guy Elmer. Give 'em the line again about Roose-

veld dragging them to war to save the British Empire. Something is wrong. Our propaganda has worked everywhere else. . . . Well, give me the reports."

"Ja, Herr Reichsminister."

"Danke, Heinrich. Good news . . . famine in America . . . everybody asks what's cooking . . . nobody can sit under apple trees . . . shortage of clothing . . . nobody can wear zoot suits with drape shapes."

"Add this to the communiqué, Heinrich. It just came in: *Forty enemy planes raided Bremen last night. Nothing was hit but schools and hospitals. Fifty-two enemy planes were shot down. The ammunition depot is being repaired.*"

"Ja, Herr Reichsminister."

"I have good news for you, Heinrich. I may be promoted. The Ministry of Justice is vacant. Herr Esel did such good work there that the Führer transferred him to the Bureau in charge of Concentration Camps. The Ministry of Justice is only a part-time job; so it will not interfere with my duties here."

"Das ist gut, Herr Reichsminister."

"Danke, Heinrich. Goodbye. I'll be back in fifteen minutes. The Führer wants to see me at the front."

"Aufwiedersehen, Herr Reichsminister."

"Heinrich," said Fritz, who had just reëntered the room, "turn on the radio. It's time for the afternoon news."

" . . . destroyed, factories and docks damaged. The raid was successful. Heil der Führer . . . retreating . . . defeated . . . on all fronts . . . annihilated . . . enemy . . . crushed . . . shot down . . . Heil der Führer . . . destroyed . . . Heil der Führer . . . in flames enemy repulsed . . . crushed . . . Heil Hitler. . . "

* * * * *

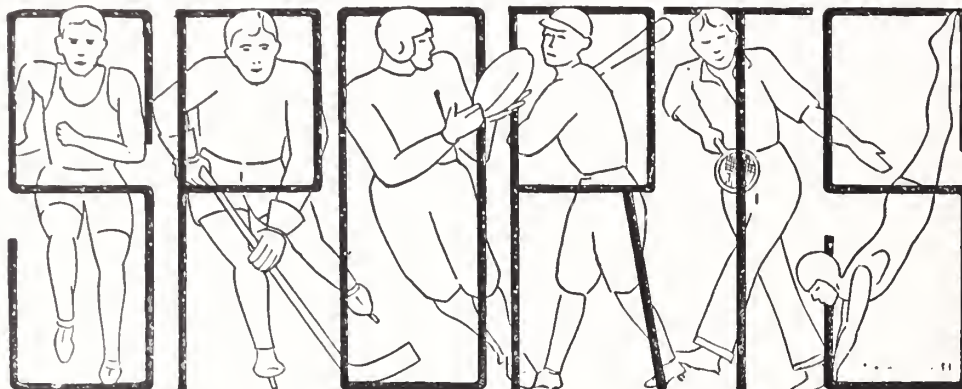
We leave the Reich Ministry of Propaganda. Would that this little story were completely true. The lies are apparent, but our enemy is not stupid. He is crafty and cunning, ready to pounce upon us the moment our backs are turned. Only blood, sweat, and tears will bring Victory. While at school, you can do your part by buying War Stamps here every week. "You lick the Axis every time you lick a stamp." "You paste a Jap everytime you paste a stamp in your album."

ARNOLD J. GOLUB, 43

HOW MANY FEET MAKE A BARD?

There once was a pupil who read poetry,
 But criticized rhythm in monometry.
 He protested dimeter, trimeter, too;
 Tetrameter's pulses he counted too few.
 He frowned upon daetyl, and scorned anapest;
 He ripped apart iambs and trochees the best.
 No poems were clever; no pathos caused sighs;
 No writer was brilliant in his biased eyes.
 So, teacher, a lover of poetic art,
 Felt time was just right for his lesson to start.
 "Now YOU write a poem!"—He tried to; and then,
 The pupil protested them never again!

SUMNER L. SHAPIRO, '43



Latin Pucksters Make Impressive Opening

On January 13, 1943, at the Boston Garden, the unheralded Latin team, boasting of its fastest sextet in years, defeated a game, but not too fast Commerce team, 3 to 0.

Latin, led by its inspiring captain, "Johnny" Flynn, kept the Commerce team hemmed in and the goalie busy with close, peppery shots during most of the first period. Flynn broke through the Commerce defense twice, only to be driven off as he was about to shoot. "Tom" Rafferty scored the first goal just before the bell rang ending the first stanza when he recovered a loose puck twenty feet in front of the net.

The second score came in less than one minute after the start of the second period, with Rafferty barging through the Commerce team, passing to Flynn for the score. Following the goal, both teams reverted to a wide open game, which resulted in a great many shots and some terrific saves, the greatest of which "Jack" Casey pulled when one of the members of the "team from across the street" charged in on him unhindered.

In the third period the Latin offense reached its peak, but the clever Com-

merce goalie turned several potential scores into "oh's" and "ah's" from the crowd. Finally toward the end of the game "Vin" Lewando, taking Flynn's pass out, placed the puck snugly in the Commerce net. Much credit must be given to Paul Kelley, Bart Burns, Albic Gould, and "Ed" McLaughlin for their stellar work on defense.

The Latin line-up: G., Casey; R.D., Lewando, L.D., McLaughlin; C., Flynn; R.W., Rafferty; L.W., Kelley. Spares: Gould, Commerford, Handrahan, Rugo, Hamilton, Bjorkland, Burns, Tessier, Villa Hunter.

Summary

First Period:

Goals: Rafferty (unassisted) 9:59

Second Period:

Goals: Flynn (Rafferty) :53

Third Period:

Goals: Lewando (Flynn) 9:14

Ten-minute periods

Memorial Holds Latin Sextet

January 27, 1943. The Purple and White hockey team could do no better than tie a tricky Roxbury Memorial team 1-1. Latin, starting slowly, sped up the tempo until in the final period they put on the greatest exhibition of scholastic hockey seen on the Garden ice this year. A world of credit must be given to the Roxbury goalie, who made

such amazing saves that the crowd rewarded him time and time again with uproarious cheers.

Early in the first period Flynn and Rafferty drove through the Memorial defense but were unable to score. Latin kept Memorial hemmed in until one puckster broke loose and went tearing down the ice. Last Vin Lewando went after him, and as he was about to shoot, banged the puck away. Lewando, later, while crossing the Roxbury blue line, passed to Flynn, who, in turn, shot to Rafferty for the score.

The Roxbury equalizer came early in the second period on a stinging shot from twenty feet out. Latin took to the offensive again, but their aggressiveness only brought too many untimely penalties.

Latin came on the ice after their short respite with determination. They immediately hemmed the opposition in, but were unable to score. It was lightning hockey, but that final punch was lacking.

The Latin line-up: G., Burns, B.; R.D., Hunter; L.D., Gould; C., Flynn; R.W., Rafferty; L.W., Lewando. Spares: Commerford, Tessier, Rugo, Villa, McLaughlin.

Summary

First Period:

Goals:

Rafferty (Flynn, Lewando) 9:32

Penalties: Lewando (pushing) 8:32

Second Period:

Goals: Worley (M) (unassisted) 2:29

Penalties: Lewando (tripping) :30

Flynn (tripping) 6:14

Third Period

No scoring.

CLASS MEET I

At the East Newton Street Armory on January fourteenth the Latin track team conducted its annual class meet. Although the team made a fair showing, there seemed to be a scarcity of B.L.S. boys in more than one event. This will

probably be remedied when several of last year's lettermen who are suffering from minor ills report. Among these is "Jim" Sullivan, who did so well last year in the "600".

Parsons in the A-B "300", Collins in the C "220", Wharton in the C "440", Brady in the A-B "440", and Colson in the D "50", turned in the best performances. We may well expect these boys to win their respective events throughout the season. Other boys who looked good were Braithwaite and Branche in the hurdles, Wagman in the D "220", Raskind in the D "176", and McNulty and Le Vine in the "600".

Informal relays were held, with Latin, South Boston, and Trade participating. Of these, Latin made a clean sweep. In the C relay, Collins turned in the most exciting run of the afternoon. There had been a slip of the baton for Latin; and when Collins was handed the baton, he was a good fifteen feet in last place. "Art" turned on the heat, and when he handed the stick to Wharton, the anchor man, he also handed him a ten-foot lead.

The summary:

Hurdles: 1. Braithwaite (C); 2. Branche (D). 7.2s.

D 220: 1. Wagman; 2. Schwartz; 3. Bronstein; 4. Donovan. 28.3s.

C 220: 1. Collins; 2. O'Malley; 3. Fish; 4. Saletsky. 26.2s.

AB 300: 1. Parsons; 2. Kelly. 38.0s.

440: 1. Brady (AB); 2. Wharton (C); 3. Werner (C); 4. Gevy (C). 59.1s.

D 176: 1. Raskind; 2. Hall; 3. Dow; 4. Dempsey. 24.4s.

AB 600: 1. McNulty; 2. LeVine.

D 50: 1. Colson; 2. Resnick; 3. Cosch-near; 4. Cavanaugh. 6.0s.

C 50: 1. Dunn; 2. Kolovson; 3. Finn; 4. Palezynski. 6.1s.

AB 50: 1. Cogliano; 2. Angus; 3. Barton. 6.1s.

Relays:

D. Wagman, Hall, Branche, Colson.

C. Dunn, Fish, Collins, Wharton.

AB. Cogliano, McNulty, Brady, Parsons.

PURPLE PATTERN

This year's managerial staff consists of "Eddie" Riley, assisted by "Anstie" Lyne, "Johnny" Glynn, and "Red" Dacey. Returning to the squad again this year are "Johnny" Glynn, "Vin" Lewando, Paul Kelley, and "Tom" Rafferty, who did pretty well for themselves on last year's great team. . . . For the

first game Coach Fitzgerald tested his material by placing all eligible men on the ice at some time during the game. They all showed talent, and it looks like another great year. . . . Alan Monroe was elected to manage this year's track team. . . . Because of early college entrance and induction into the armed services, the Latin track team has had to depend upon its younger enthusiasts for point-makers and eventual victories.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE REGISTER

Jan., 1903—Our school has been graced with the presence of several millionaires who can be recognized by their coal stickpins. . . . 1903 was quite an athletic year. The great event was a pingpong tournament in which most of the boys competed. . . .

Jan., 1908—Ultimatum—It is noteworthy that the House of Lords, probably the most august assembly in the world enters Parliament in single file; it is, therefore, so it would seem, not below the dignity of Latin School boys, even the gentleman of the First Class, to go in file when requested. . . . Candidates are needed for the Mandolin Club. Any scholar who is able to play a mandolin, guitar, or banjo is asked to join this club. As long as your playing sounds like music, don't be afraid to join.

Jan., 1913—Latin School has gone over to those new-fangled inventions. Several of the rooms are now equipped with electric lights. . . . B.L.S. and English High School occupy the same building. This building is the largest school building in the United States. . . . The subscription to *Register* was reduced to fifty cents while the staff jumped to ten people.

1918—Sounds familiar. Class II editor is P. J. Weners. . . . This is where we came in. The School Committee has just bought a wonderful site of land

(formerly a dump and no remarks from the graduates of English High) on Avenue Louis Pasteur opposite the High School of Commerce. . . . "Over There" appeared in *Register*. This was a column of information about the soldier-alumni. . . . The Postmaster-General urged boys to put a one-cent stamp on *Register* after they have read it and to give to a postman who would send it to France.

1923—Mr. Charles S. Fitzgerald has replaced Mr. O'Brien as coach. . . . Messrs. Pennypacker, C. G. Fitzgerald have joined the School as masters. . . .

1928—Whoopee! They've finally gotten rid of the squirts—the Sixth Class, consisting of 269 tyros, have been removed to the S. J. Baker School on Perrin St. They are instructed by the Messrs. Cadigan, Gilbert, Mahan, Tuson, Brickley, and Dobbryn. Mr. Brickley, Tuson, and Dobbryn are new teachers.

1933—The Latin School Teachers are fighting the depression by a fountain pen service. They charge one cent "Cash and carry" for each fountain pen refill. An outdoor rally was held for the football team. It is sad to relate though, that the boys left their voices on Avenue Louis Pasteur. . . .

1938—We wonder if anyone has ever been bold enough to answer Mr. Dunn's query, "Do you follow me?" (Class I is still wondering).

THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



- Jan. 11:* Members of all classes sadly wail the day's song hit, "My Demotion"; for today's *the day* if you didn't make the grade. Back you go!
- Jan. 12:* Ye R.R.R., after experiencing one of Mr. Gordon's strenuous (to say the least) third-period physical build-up exercises, takes to the liniment. His back feels as if it's gone through a concrete-mixer.
- Jan. 13:* Just another pearl of wisdom:
Mr. Taylor: "Paraphrase this sentence
 "He was bent on seeing her."
McMorrow: "Umm . . . Oh, yes . . . At the sight of her, he doubled up!"
- Jan. 14:* Mr. Quinn acquired several more gray hairs today: the Stamp Club met in 211 during the seventh period. Tongues jabbered incessantly, and bidding went as high as thirty-seven cents! Where these younger classmen get all the "moola", we'll never know.
- Jan. 15:* Gentle musing after today's Public "Dec": Wonder what would have happened if Casey of "Casey at the Bat" fame had been a Brooklynite?
- Jan. 18:* Dear, dear. Everything happens to me. How was I to know, as I dropped the bag full of water from the third floor, that Mr. Nemzoff was on the first? Hope he still thinks it was a leak in the roof!
- Jan. 19:* Gee whizzikers, we wish we were in Class VI again (and not because of the draft, either!). Members of Classes IV, V, and VI went to the Hall this afternoon for free "movies" on the war. Ah, me. . . !
- Jan. 20:* All the school needs now is a Submarine and Ship Club (and we hope we're not giving anyone an idea)! The Aviation and Highway Safety Clubs met today in seventh period.
- Jan. 21:* Horrible shrieks resounded through the corridors on all floors this noon, as Class I-ers received the pictures taken for the school's Rogues Gallery. "THAT can't be Me!" and "NO! NO! Aaaghhh!" were among the more printable comments. Oh, well, we can't all be movie heroes.
- Jan. 22:* With a whopper of an English test on the schedule, Lieutenant Donahue of Naval Aviation came to ye R. R.R.'s rescue with a period-long discussion of the requirements for that branch of the service. Me for the Navy!
- Jan. 25:* Guess this is Navy Week, all right. Kittredge of 301 shoved off today, destination unknown. Avast, ye land-lubbers!
- Jan. 26:* Today is "Droogie Day". The Advertising Staff of *The Register* convened today, and the suggested campaign motto "Please buy *The Register*; I'm working my mother's way through Welding School", was unanimously vetoed.
- Jan. 27:* Many a Senior is packing the old green bag for the last time today, preparatory to forsaking old Alma

Mammy for the hallowed halls of Harvard and the towers of the Heights.
Ah, me. . . .

Jan. 28: Zounds! Egad! and other expressions of amazement! More Seniors leaving! Tufts, Boston University, Notre Dame, and other institutions have accepted several of our students to begin their college courses early. Farewell, more fortunate ones!

Jan. 29: Hoist up the flag. Turn on the electric lights! Be brave, me hearties! **NO SCHOOL TODAY!** Three cheers for the weather-man!

Feb. 1: Yes, Mr. Marson. No, Mr. Marson. Yes, Mr. Marson. Well, anyway, here we are in time for **DEADLINE!!**



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(Continued from Page 4)

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Private Joseph Feldman, '40, U.S. Army.

Capt. John Fitzgerald, '36, U.S. Marine Corps.

Ensign Maynes C. Fitzgerald, '30, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Capt. James G. A. Foley, '32, U.S. Army Infantry.

Capt. James G. Ford, '31, U.S. Army Field Artillery.

Private Bernard R. Freedman, '39, U.S. Army.

Cadet Marvin Freedman, '37, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieut. John F. Gaquin, '35, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Officer Candidate Stanley Geist, '35, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

Cadet Melvin Gillette, '40, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Sgt. Ernest Gilman, '36, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Ensign Victor B. Glunts, '31, U.S. Navy.

Capt. T. G. Goodwin, '08, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieut. Walter C. Guralnick, '33, U.S. Army Dental Corps.

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Ensign Paul R. Levin, '38, U.S. Navy.

Major Leo Levins, '28, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Chaplain Joseph H. Lief, '27, U.S. Army Corps of Chaplains.

Capt. Lawrence Lucas, '30, U.S. Army Dental Corps.

Lieut. Michael C. McCarthy, '35, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieut. Robert F. McDermott, '37, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Yeoman 3/c George H. McDermott, '39, U.S. Navy.

Sgt. A. J. MacLellan, Jr., '32, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieut. Charles P. Mackin, '38, U.S. Army Marine Corps.

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Private James J. Mahoney, '38, U.S. Army Air Corps.

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Apprentice Seaman E. Miller, Jr., '41, U.S. Navy.

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Captain Gordon Saunders, '27, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

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Lieut. Lyman O. Warren, Jr., '32, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private Maurice Wernick, '42, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Cadet Thomas Whelan, '41, U.S. Naval Air Corps.

Private Melvin Zwick, '37, U.S. Army.

Private Leonard S. Zatuchny, '40, U.S. Army Air Corps.

From Here and There. We hear that ten Latin School graduates were included among a list of thirty-eight Harvard scholars who have been awarded special John Harvard Scholarships for excellence in their work during the past academic year. The ten Latin School boys are: Irving Berkowitz, '41; Milton Cikins, '41; Myer G. Horowitz, '41; Jacob C. Levenson, '39; Paul Mandel-

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ovitz, '39 . . . that Arthur Sweetser, '07,
who left the American Peace Commis-
sion in Paris to become an official of the
League of Nations, spent the time be-
tween the two wars, nearly 23 years, in
Geneva. He recently returned to the
service of the U.S. Government as De-
puty Director of the Office of War In-
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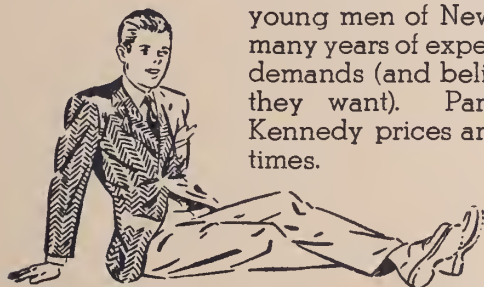
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Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours in the fields of Economics, English, History, Government, Mathematics, Psychology, Physics, and Sociology. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Special courses may also be arranged. Co-educational.

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Co-operative Plan

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